

Sermon: June 2, 2019

“Me worry??”

As you got up this morning ... getting ready for another exciting morning at All Saints ...
Our the door ... in the car ... coming here ...

Now --- as you sit in the sanctuary ... what are you worrying about the most??

My mom always used to say to me ---- “Donnie, don’t be a worry-wart.”

What is a “worry wart”?? Heck --- my mom was the biggest “worry wart” of all!!

This morning I’m thinking of all the stuff and people I worry about. As I’m doing this ...

I “google” the song ----- “Don’t worry, be happy” by Buddy McFerrin ... remember it??

Such a simple song. So, in the midst of this “stuff” I worry about ... the people I care about ... the things troubling my soul ----- I listen to this song, and I laugh. Even in the midst of sadness, worry, and tragedy LAUGHTER can be cleansing. It’s not like you are making “fun” of something ... rather we laugh because so often life makes no sense.

There are tears, too. We cry ... because we feel helpless.

We can’t fix it ... all we can do is try to live through it.

We have to allow ourselves to be human ... weak ... vulnerable. We just can’t “control” it all!!

So, what are you worried about?

Your health? Your mom? Your niece, whose mom just died? Your job?

Being behind in your rent or mortgage payment? The farm acreage you can’t plant?

Your friend in Ohio ... who just lost his house because of the tornado?

How about your memory? Your \$7000/month assisted living bill?

THE LIST GOES ON.

Where is Jesus in all this? God????

Believe it or not ----- God is right smack-dab in the middle.

Yes, in the midst of all the stuff we worry about ---- this is where Jesus walks ... this is where God’s spirit breathes. Somehow ... in our tears ... in our laughter ... in our doubts and wondering ----- here God gives us the humble courage to face another day.

But --- we can’t do it alone. Can’t do it by ourselves.

On the one hand ... we need to be humble enough to “let other people in.” To allow ourselves to lean on those who care about us. Also ----- we need to REACH OUT. There are times when our face is God’s face ... when our hands are God’s hands.

So, I come here this morning ... with my “own bag of worries.” The prayer book is already 2 pages long.

I’m thinking of Peggy’s niece ... who just graduated from high school, just days after her mom died.

I still have a “hole in my heart” ... since our “wonder dog Harley” left us for animal heaven.

I think of aging parents ... and good friends going through tough times.

I so much want our church to stay strong.

And I ask myself the question: “Don ----- do spend more time worrying? ... or more time giving thanks??”

Don’t worry ... be happy. Give thanks as much as you worry ---- hey,
what a good idea for a sermon!@!!

What comes more naturally to you? ----- worrying? ... or giving thanks?

I worry about my family ... I'm also very thankful for them.

I worry about you ... but I'm so very thankful for each of you.

Sure --- I worry about my job but even more so ... I am so thankful for the job I have.

I worry about our country. But so thankful I live here.

Yes, I worry about "getting older" ... yet I'm so thankful for the time I've been given.

I worry about the future ... while, at the same time, being incredibly thankful for the freedom still to dream.

On another "gospel note." Again, the focus is on Jesus getting ready to leave this world.

And you know????? ----- HE IS WORRIED ... HE REALLY IS.

Here is what he says ... in his prayer to his FATHER IN HEAVEN.

"I pray on behalf of all those who believe in me that THEY MAY BE ONE.

The glory you have given me ... I'm passing it on to them.

You are in me ... I am in them. May they be completely one.

May the love which you have loved me BE IN THEM."

Jesus' prayer. His dream.

IT HAS NOT HAPPENED!!

"The church" ... however you define it ---- we've messed it up.

We go in so many different directions.

We have taken this simple message of a Jewish carpenter and turned it into a complex puzzle of rules and machinations that squeeze so much life out of what the "church" should be.

THE TRUE SPIRIT gets buried.

I worry about this.

But more important? I give thanks.

... for a humble carpenter, who teaches us what's important and what's not.

... for a humble carpenter, who walks this journey with us.

... and for a humble temple ---- whose door is graced by a God who accepts us and loves us.

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